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redoubled fury; the clouds of sleet rolled like a dark smoke over the moor, and we were all so benumbed with cold that our teeth chattered in our heads. The sleet, driven with such violence, had got into our clothes, and penetrated even under our parkas, and into our baggage, wherever there was the smallest crevice. At length, the Toyune's dogs began to snuff the air, bark loudly, and set out at full speed. It was like a shock of electricity. The rest of the dogs followed this example, and strained every nerve to keep pace with them. Our hearts now beat high; for we were sure the dogs smelt the reindeer, and this emotion had already infused a warmth through our veins, as we anticipated the happiness of finding shelter from a dreadful storm that threatened us with death. In about ten minutes more, we had the ineffable pleasure of finding ourselves near a large Karaikee Jourta, where we saw a fine fire blazing!

"The Karaikees had all run out with their clubs and spears, to defend their reindeer from the dogs, which our drivers, benumbed as they were, could hardly keep from running on the herd that surrounded the Jourta. The Karaikees, who were to leeward of us, had heard the dogs for some time, and, anticipating our arrival, had already killed a fine fat buck; and the women were skinning him when we arrived. It was some time before we could shake the snow and sleet from off us, and enjoy the comfort of shelter and a fine fire. I now administered a dram of watky (rye whiskey) to each, and the Toyune said, "This is the time to drink a glass, for should it put us to sleep, there is no danger of being frozen before such a good fire." The women engaged in skinning the deer soon finished their work, and then cut it up into several large pieces, and put them into a large kettle to boil, which had been prepared for the purpose.

"Our host was a fine hospitable old man, who possessed a herd of nearly three hundred sleek reindeer; and he seemed overjoyed to have us for guests. He made me sit down on some nice warm bear skins spread near the fire, which was in the centre of the Jourta. Behind me was a place apart, well hung and lined with deer skins, for me to sleep in. As soon as the deer was boiled, a large wooden trough was placed before me, and into it were put the tongue, the heart, and one of the fattest pieces of the reindeer, as well as the marrow that had been extracted from the bones whilst raw. I expressed my dislike to the latter in its raw state, and the old chief caused it to be boiled immediately: however, I ate of it raw afterwards, and found it well flavoured. Our host made signs to me to commence; but I would not, until I got my interpreter to tell him that I expected the Toyunes and himself to join me, for he had placed enough before me for half a dozen persons. They accepted my invitation, and I treated them with watky, and biscuit made of rye bread. The host took nothing but bread and watky during the dinner. He drank five or six glasses, which I thought would have made him drunk; but they seemed not to affect him in the least, and he drank two more after dinner without being intoxicated!"

We purpose accompanying our author to the confines of Russia proper, and paying a brief visit with him to the inhabitants of the celestial empire, in our next publication.

Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.—With etchings, by W. H. Brooke. 2 vols. Dublin, Curry and Co.

SECOND NOTICE.

In our late review of this work, we gave the author the high praise of describing with minute and graphic accuracy whatever is cognizable by the external senses. As the book is still but a few days published, and has not yet reached any other literary periodical, we willingly avail ourselves of the opportunity of confirming our views, and amusing our readers, by presenting them with the following description of the commencement of

A PARTY FIGHT:

"Ere the quarrel commenced, you might see a dark and hateful glare scowling from the countenances of the two parties, as they viewed and approached each other in the street—the eye was set in deadly animosity, and the face marked with an ireful paleness, occasioned at once by revenge and apprehension. Groups were silently hurrying with an eager and energetic step to their places of rendezvous, grasping their weapons more closely, or grinding their teeth in the impatience of their fury.—The veterans on each side were surrounded by their respective followers, anxious to act under their direction; and the very boys seemed to be animated with a martial spirit, much more eager than that of those who had greater experience in party quarrels. Jem Finigan's public house was the headquarters and rallying point of the Ribbonmen—the Orangemen assembled in that of Joe Sherlock, the master of an Orange lodge. About six o'clock, the crowd in the street began gradually to fall off to the opposite ends of the town—the Roman Catholics towards the north, and the Protestants towards the south. Carson's window, from which I was observing their motions, was exactly half way between them, so that I had a distinct view of both. At this moment, I noticed Denis Kelly coming forward from the closely condensed mass formed by the Ribbonmen: he advanced, with his cravat off, to the middle of the vacant space between the parties, holding a fine oak cudgel in his hand. He then stopped, and addressing the Orangemen, said, 'Where's Vengeance and his crew now? Is there any single Orange villain among you that dare come down and meet me here, like a man? Is John Grimes there? for if he is, before we begin to take you of a face—to hunt you altogether out of the town, ye Orange villains—I would be glad that he'd step down to Denis Kelly here, for two or three minutes; I'll not keep him longer.'

"There was now a stir and a murmur among the Orangemen, as if a rush was about to take place towards Denis; but Grimes, whom I saw endeavouring to curb them in, left the crowd, and advanced towards him. At this moment, an instinctive movement among both masses took place; so that when Grimes had come within a few yards of Kelly, both crowds were within two or three perches of them.—Kelly was standing, apparently off his guard, with one hand thrust carelessly in the breast of his waistcoat, and the cudgel in the other; but his eye was fixed calmly upon Grimes as he approached. They were both powerful, fine men—brawny, vigorous, and active. Grimes had somewhat the advantage of the other in height; he also fought with his left hand, from which circumstance he was nicknamed *Kithogue*.—

He was a man of a dark, stern-looking countenance; and the tones of his voice were deep, sullen, and of appalling strength. As they approached each other, the windows on each side of the street were crowded; but there was not a breath to be heard in any direction, nor from either party. As for myself, my heart palpitated with anxiety. What they might have felt I do not know; but they must have also experienced considerable apprehension; for as they were both the champions of their respective parties, and had never before met in single encounter, their characters depended on the issue of the contest. 'Well, Grimes, said Denis, 'sure I've often wished for this same meetin' man, betune myself and you; I have what you're goin' to get in for you this long time: but you'll get it now, avick, plase God.—' 'It was not to scold I came, you popish, ribby rascal,' replied Grimes, 'but to give you what you're long.—' Ere the word had been out of his mouth, however, Kelly sprung over to him; and making a feint, as if he intended to lay the stick on his ribs, he swung it past without touching him, and bringing it round his own head like lightning, made it tell with a powerful backstroke right on Grimes's temple, and in an instant his own face was sprinkled with the blood which sprung from the wound: Grimes staggered forward towards his antagonist, seeing which, Kelly sprung back, and was again meeting him with full force, when Grimes, turning a little, clutched Kelly's stick in his right hand, and being left-handed himself, ere the other could wrench the cudgel from him, he gave him a terrible blow upon the back part of the head, which laid Kelly in the dust.—There was now a deafening shout from the Orange party, and Grimes stood until Kelly should be in the act of rising, ready then to give him another blow. The coolness and generalship of Kelly, however, were here very remarkable; for, when he was just getting to his feet, 'look at your party coming down upon me,' he exclaimed to Grimes, who turned round to order them back, and, in the interim, Kelly was upon his legs. I was now surprised at the coolness of both men; for Grimes was by no means inflated with the boisterous triumph of his party—nor did Denis get into a blind rage on being knocked down. They now approached again, their eyes kindled into savage fury, tamed down into the wariness of experienced combatants; for a short time they stood eyeing each other, as if calculating upon the contingent advantages of attack or defence. This was a moment of great interest; for, as their huge and powerful frames stood out in opposition, strung and dilated by the impulse of passion and the energy of contest, no judgment, however experienced, could venture to anticipate the result of the battle, or name the person likely to be victorious. Indeed it was surprising how the natural sagacity of these men threw their attitudes and movements into scientific form and elegance. Kelly raised his cudgel, and placed it transversely in the air, between himself and his opponent; Grimes instantly placed his against it—both weapons thus forming a cross—whilst the men themselves stood foot opposite to foot, calm and collected. Nothing could be finer than their proportions, nor superior to their respective attitudes—their broad chests were in a line—their thick, well-set necks, laid a little back, as were their bodies—without, however, losing their balance—and their fierce, but calm features,

grimly, but placidly scowling at each other, like men who were prepared for the onset.

"At length, Kelly made an attempt to repeat his former feint with variations; for, whereas he had sent the first blow to Grimes's right temple, he took measures now to reach the left: his action was rapid, but equally quick was the eye of his antagonist, whose cudgel was up in ready guard to meet the blow—it met it; and with such surprising power was it sent and opposed, that both cudgels, on meeting, bent across each other into curves. An involuntary huzza followed this from their respective parties—not so much on account of the skill displayed by the combatants, as in admiration of their cudgels, and of the judgment with which they must have been selected; in fact, it was the staves, rather than the men, that were praised; and certainly the former did their duty. In a moment their shillelaghs were across each other once more, and the men resumed their former attitudes; their savage determination, their kindled eyes, the blood which disfigured the face of Grimes, and begrimed also the countenance of his antagonist, into a deeper expression of ferocity, occasioned many a cowardly heart to shrink from the sight. There they stood, gory and stern, ready for the next onset; it was made first by Grimes, who tried to practise on Kelly the feint which Kelly had before practised on him. Denis, after his usual manner, caught the blow in his open hand, and clutched the staff, with an intention of holding it until he might visit Grimes—now apparently unguarded—with a levelling blow; but Grimes's effort to wrest the cudgel from his grasp, drew all Kelly's strength to that quarter, and prevented him from availing himself of the other's defenceless attitude. A trial of muscular power now ensued, and their enormous bodily strength was exhibited in the stiff tug for victory. Kelly's address now prevailed; for while Grimes pulled against him with all his collected vigour, the former suddenly let go his hold, and the latter having lost his balance, staggered back: lightning could not be more quick than the action of Kelly, as, with tremendous force, his cudgel rung on the unprotected head of Grimes, who fell, or rather was shot to the ground, as if some superior power had dashed him against it; and there he lay for a short time, quivering under the blow he had received.

"A peal of triumph now arose from Kelly's party; but Kelly himself, placing his arms a-kimbo, stood calmly over his enemy, awaiting his return to the conflict. For nearly five minutes he stood in this attitude, during which time Grimes did not stir; at length, Kelly stooped a little, and peering closely at him, exclaimed—'Why, then, is it acting you are? any how, I wouldn't put it past you, you cunning vagabone; 'tis lying to take breath he is—get up, man; I'd scorn to touch you till you're on yer legs; not all as one, for sure it's yourself would show me no such forbearance—up with you, man alive, I've none of your own thrachery in me. I'll not rise my cudgel till you're on your guard.'

"There was an expression of disdain mingled with a glow of honest, manly generosity, on his countenance, as he spoke, which made him at once the favourite with such spectators as were not connected with either of the parties. Grimes rose, and it was evident that Kelly's generosity had deepened his resentment more than the blow which had sent him so rapidly

to the ground; however, he was still cool, but his brows knit, his eyes flashed with double fierceness, and his complexion settled into a dark blue shade, which gave to his whole visage an expression fearfully ferocious. Kelly hailed this as the first appearance of passion; his brow expanded as the other approached, and a dash of confidence, if not of triumph, softened, in some degree, the sternness of his features.

"With caution they encounter again, each collected for a spring, their eyes gleaming at each other like tigers. Grimes made a motion as if he would have struck Kelly with his fist; and, as the latter threw up his guard against the blow, he received a stroke from Grimes's cudgel in the under part of the right arm—this had been directed at his elbow, with an intention of rendering the arm powerless; it fell short, however, yet was sufficient to relax the grasp which Kelly held of his weapon. Had Kelly been a novice, Grimes's stratagem alone would have soon vanquished him: his address, however, was fully equal to that of his antagonist. The staff dropped instantly from his grasp, but a stout thong of black polished leather, with a shining tassel at the end of it, had bound it securely to his massive wrist; the cudgel, therefore, only dangled from his arm, and did not, as the other expected, fall to the ground, or put Denis to the necessity of stooping for it—Grimes's object being to have struck him in that attitude.

"A flash of indignation now shot from Kelly's eye, and with the speed of lightning, he sprang within Grimes's weapon, determined to wrest it from him. The grapple that ensued was gigantic. In a moment Grimes's staff was parallel with the horizon between them, clutched in the powerful grasp of both. They stood exactly opposite, and rather close to each other; their arms sometimes stretched out stiff and at full length, again contracted, until their faces, glowing and distorted by the energy of the contest, were drawn almost together.—Sometimes, the prevailing strength of one would raise the staff slowly, and with gradually developed power up in a perpendicular position; again the re-action of opposing strength would strain it back, and sway the weighty frame of the antagonist, crouched and set into desperate resistance, along with it, whilst the hard pebbles under their feet were crumbled into powder, and the very street itself furrowed into gravel by the shock of their opposing strength. Indeed, so well matched a pair never met in contest; their strength, their wind, their activity, and their natural science appeared to be perfectly equal. At length, by a tremendous effort, Kelly got the staff twisted nearly out of Grimes's hand, and a short shout, half encouragement, half indignation, came from Grimes's party: this, added shame to his other passions, and threw an impulse of almost superhuman strength into him: he recovered his advantage, but nothing more; they twisted—they heaved their great frames against each other—they struggled—their action became rapid—they swayed each other, this way and that—their eyes like fire—their teeth locked, and their nostrils dilated. Sometimes they twined about each other like serpents, and twirled round with such rapidity, that it was impossible to distinguish them—sometimes, when a pull of more than ordinary power took place, they seemed to cling together almost without motion, bending down until their heads nearly touched the ground, their cracking joints seeming to

stretch by the effort, and the muscles of their limbs standing out from the flesh, strung into amazing tension.

"In this attitude were they, when Denis, with the eye of a hawk, spied a disadvantage in Grimes's position; he wheeled round, placed his broad shoulder against the shaggy breast of the other, and, giving him what is called 'an inside crook,' strained him, despite of every effort, until he fairly got him on his shoulder, and off the point of resistance.—There was a cry of alarm from the windows, particularly from the females, as Grimes's body was swung over Kelly's shoulder, until it came down in a crash upon the hard gravel of the street, whilst Denis stood in triumph, with his enemy's staff in his hand. A loud huzza followed this from all present except the Orangemen, who stood bristling with fury and shame for the temporary defeat of their champion.

"Denis again had his enemy at his mercy; but he scorned to use his advantage ungenerously; he went over, and placing the staff in his hands—for the other had got to his legs—retrograded to his place, and desired Grimes to defend himself.

"After considerable manoeuvring on both sides, Denis, who now appeared to be the more active of the two combatants, got an open at his antagonist, and, by a powerful blow upon Grimes's ear, sent him to the ground with amazing force. I never saw such a blow given by mortal; the end of the cudgel came exactly upon the ear, and as Grimes went down, the blood spurted out of his mouth and nostrils; he then kicked convulsively several times as he lay upon the ground, and that moment I really thought he would have never breathed more. The shout was again raised by the Ribbonmen, who threw up their hats, and bounded from the ground with the most vehement exultation. Both parties then waited to give Grimes time to rise and renew the battle; but he seemed perfectly contented to remain where he was; for there appeared no signs of life or motion in him. 'Have you got your gruel, boy?' said Kelly, going over to where he lay;—'Well, you met Denis Kelly, at last, didn't you? and there you lie; but, please God, the most of your sort will soon lie in the same state.'

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Sacred Harp.—Leckie, Dublin.

THIS is a new and much enlarged edition of a nice little volume of poetry, on sacred themes; the selection, made from the works of the most approved English authors, reflects great credit upon the compiler; and although many of the pieces are well known to the world, there are also others of no inferior merit, which have not, so far as we know, been so favourably presented to notice before. The whole volume is exclusively Irish in all its mechanical details, even to the engraved head of bishop Heber, which ornaments the title; and we feel happy in recommending it as a very pretty and appropriate present for the season.

The Devil's Walk.—By Professor Porson.—Marsh and Miller, 24mo.

THE real authorship of the *Devil's Walk*, is still a moot point, and scarcely worth disputing. This edition is illustrated with comical caricature wood-cuts, by R. Cruikshank. The likenesses of the rat-catching minister, and the viper-killing lawyer, are excellent.